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# UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

IN

# ENGLAND.

## A Play

IN TWO ACTS

BY MARCO MINGLE.

RICHMOND, VA.
GEORGE M. WEST & BRO:

1853.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

HARRY BERKLEY.

MR. WILBURTON.

MR. TITTERWELL.

MORRIS LANDEN.

PETER.

MRS. WILBURTON.

MRS. TITTERWELL.

MARY LANDEN.

MINNIE.

*Copy right secured.*

# UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

## IN ENGLAND.

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## ACT 1.

### LONDON.

SCENE I.—*A Library adjoining Harry's apartment, table, chairs, &c.; a newspaper laying on the table.*

PETER *discovered.*

*Peter.* Oh dear! O dear! I do wonder what master would say if he knew I was in love? ha, ha, ha! But I should'nt laugh if I am a lover, for it's a serious thing and one should think on the consequences. But talking about love; how I got into it is a puzzler to me: Minnie looks like every other *o'mans* walks like every other o'mans, got eyes like every other,—wh-e-e, no-she-aint-either; every o'man eyes dont look so [*tries to look archly*] and so, and make me feel just like giving her all the world if it was mine. Oh! Oh! I do wonder what master would say if—[*a call from without*] Ah! there he is now, yes sir, coming. [*Goes to Harry and returns in a moment.*] The Morning Times; Ah! here it is, here it is. [*Takes paper to Harry and returns*] That will do ah! [*going*] Minnie, Minnie, my—my, oh? [*Exit Peter.*

*Enter* HARRY *with newspaper.*

*Harry.* Hi! ho! here's another of those stupid dull days, nothing to do—no news, no change; but the club, aye, the club; and there its the same dull routine of chit-chat, parliament and politics, cards, cards, cards. And there are morning calls, 'tis true, and horrid bores they are. But I have it: I'll make a virtue of necessity and pay my uncle Wilburton a visit I owe him. Good kind people —— but there's their cursed benevolence. Doubtless I will be entertained with a long lecture on the condition of the human race throughout the globe; and there too, I shall see that intolerable Titterwell, with his fanaticisms, grand schemes and glorious contemplations. But I'll go, any thing for a change.

*Enter* PETER.

*Peter.* A letter sir.

*Harry.* A letter? Give it to me. [*Takes it and reads*]—What! from my old friend Morris Landen: And will be here to-morrow! Can it be possible? I had supposed him dead, not having heard from him in five long years. 'Tis indeed an unexpected happiness. But I'll away to my Uncle's. Peter bring me my hat and gloves.

*Peter.* Yes sir. [*hands them to him.*[

*Harry.* [*going*] I will be in at four Peter, until then you may go where you please. [*Exit Harry.*

*Peter.* Well, Master is gone. Master is so good, but he aint like he used to be. Oh! I do wonder what he would say if he knew I was in love. But Master was in love once himself and quarrelled with his lady love; and they do say that she treated him dreadfully; but I don't know any thing about that, all I do know, is, that he aint like he used to be. Now I'll go right off and see Minnie. [*going*] Oh Minnie, thou incomparable *diviner*, thou—thou—Oh its no use, I aint sentimental. [*Exit Peter.*

SCENE II.—*A street in a wealthy part of London. Enter Mary leading by the hand a little girl; they are both thinly clad and shivering with cold.*

*Mary.* Oh this is dreadful! No bread—No shelter from this cold damp air. Yet God knows it is not for myself that I would ask this poor boon. Here where all around seems to mock at my misery. But only for this poor child—this pledge of a fond mother's misplaced confidence and affection. Oh! God! And am I its protector? I who have not one bite of bread to stop its weeping; I, who taught it among the first words it could lisp, that hated one beg, beg, beg. Where, Oh! where shall we go? Yet stay! there is some one coming. Hold out thy hand child, it may be one who can feel for the unfortunate. But it is, Oh God, it is, she of all others I would not see; she who first spurned me from her door, and placed the seal of infamy upon my character. Can I escape? No—She may not know me. [*Hides her face, the child continues to hold out its hand.*]

*Enter* MR. *and* MRS. TITTERWELL.

*Mrs. Tit.* Oh gracious, there are more of those disgusting objects: Respectable people must always be seeing them at every corner they pass. Go about your business child, go to the alms house, let your lazy mother go to work. Oh Titterwell, when will we be rid of those horrid people?

*Mr. Tit.* One of those days, my dear; but first the African freedom, the African freedom! Oh glorious contemplation!

[*Exeunt Titterwells.*

*Mary.* Gone! and I am spared the recognition—it is well, I can suffer much and be calm, but I could not bear her sneer. Come child, come away from this place, come. [*Moves, but totters.*]

*Enter* HARRY. (*Gazes at Mary.*)

*Harry.* Stay my good woman, you are ill, say, can I serve you?

*Mary.* [*Aside.*] Oh! he speaks so kindly!

*Harry.* Who are you, speak, and tell me, are you ill, or can I aid you?

*Mary.* Oh, sir, you have feeling, I am sure, and will not wish to know more than that we are poor outcasts, and go I know not where.

*Harry.* [*Aside.*] She does not ask for aid, yet it is evident she wants it. [*Loud.*] Be frank, my poor woman, and tell me can I in any way serve you?

*Mary.* Oh, sir, your kindness touches me, [*sobbing.*] I am not used to it, I need not tell you why these tears are flowing.—Look at this poor child, it has not tasted food since yesterday morning.

*Harry.* Can it be possible? And yourself, have you fasted so long?

*Mary.* Longer, sir, much longer.

*Harry.* Poor woman, then I do not wonder that you weep. Here is enough for a few meals. [*The child takes it and thanks him.*] Now tell me your name.

*Mary.* [*Hesitating.*] My—my name is Mary, sir.

*Harry.* But you have another name.

*Mary.* Oh, sir, do not ask me to tell you more, I cannot, I cannot sir.

*Harry.* Then I will not press thee further, but is this your child?

*Mary.* No sir, it is the child of a dear friend now in her cold grave.

*Harry.* Indeed, and how comes it in your possession?

*Mary.* Circumstances, sir, made me its protector. Its history is part of my own.

*Harry.* Relate it to me, my good woman, for I already feel a warm interest in you and this little sufferer.

*Mary.* Sir, it is a sad story. 'Tis but a few moments since a woman passed this place, she knew me in my happy days; I left my mother's quiet home to become governess to her children: that mother is now dead; this woman I served faithfully, but I would not submit to her tyranny, and without forgetting my position, resented her insults. This was a crime she could not forgive. I was turned from her door—She refused me a recommendation, and that was a blow to my character. I sought in vain for similar employment, for the tongue of slander had done its work. The needle was my only resort; but many hours of

toil and few of rest brought their result. One day as I lay on a sick bed this child was brought to me with its mother's dying request that I would keep it, and love it. My poor friend, how I loved her. Ruined and abandoned, she is now free from them all. I promised her, and God knows how faithfully I have endeavored to keep that promise. Yet all my efforts availed nothing. Sickness and poverty soon brought us to the verge of starvation, from which, we were taken to the work-house. How long we remained there I know not, but it was many months. Two days ago we were discharged, with several others, to wander, God knows where. Some of those poor creatures who were turned from this, their only home, feeble and starving, have since returned and begged to be again admitted, but were denied, for they had been once discharged.(*) I could not ask for such charity, to be refused: and thus, sir, you find us creeping from place to place.

*Harry.* Truly, it is a sad story, and too much like what I have seen for me to doubt its truth. [*Aside.*] Oh! ye high born dames who from your gorgeously trimmed halls of silk and tapestry dare preach humanity to distant nations! far fitter were it that ye take the first lesson at your own doors. But this poor woman, she must not suffer. [*Thinks*] I have it, I'll send her to my uncle's; in the mean time I will be there. [*Takes out a card, writes and hands it to Mary.*] Here my good woman take this, you know the street?

*Mary.* Yes sir.

*Harry.* And the number?—Take it there and you will find a friend. Do you promise me?

*Mary.* I do, I do. Oh, kind sir!——

*Harry.* No more my poor woman, but haste thee out of this cold wind, it makes thee shiver. [*Going.*] Haste thee, remember you have promised me. [*Exit Harry.*

*Mary.* He is gone, and I have not thanked him, but God will thank him, God will bless him. Come my poor child there is a promise of happiness in his kindly tones, come. [*Going.*] Oh! we can now buy bread! [*Exeunt Mary and child.*

SCENE III.—*Mr. Wilburton's—Mr. and Mrs. Wilburton seated at a table, Minnie is standing near. They are all weeping, having been reading Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

*Mrs. Wil.* Oh! this is monstrous! and all told by an American lady; it is, I fear, too true. I have never despised any one, but I could hate that whole sinful nation. Poor creatures, can we not do something for them?

*Mr. Wil.* My dear, we are doing much. The whole British nation is arousing to the mighty work. It will be done.

* See Appendix, No. 1.

*Mrs. Wil.* Oh, I do hope so, for at this very moment the lash of the slave driver may be tearing the flesh of thousands of its innocent victims. [*A knock is heard, Minnie goes to the door, returns and announces the Titterwells.*] [*Exit* Minnie.

*Enter the* TITTERWELLS.

Mr. *Wil.* Ah! friend Titterwell, and madam.

Mrs. *Wil.* Welcome, welcome.

Mr. *Tit.* Ah! friends. [Mrs. *Titterwell throws herself into the arms of* Mrs. *Wilburton*—Mr. *Wilburton and* Mr. *Titterwell seem to converse together.*]

Mrs. *Tit.* Oh! my dear Mrs. Wilburton: You have read Uncle Tom—I know you have—your eyes are red with weeping. [*They wipe their eyes*]

Mrs. *Wil.* Yes, yes, we have just finished reading it. It is horrible; do you think, my dear Mrs. Titterwell, that it can be true?

Mrs. *Tit.* True! It is every word true; you may depend on it, my dear Mrs. Wilburton; and every body knows that it is worse than this book represents it; for do you think those wicked people would tell all their cruelties? Oh no! And only to think that we christianized and civilized English as we are, should permit such doings. It is horrible.

Mrs. *Wil.* Oh, how I pity them.

Mrs. *Tit.* And I, my dear Mrs. Wilburton, my sensitive soul always sympathises with the unfortunate. [*Seems to weep.*]

Mr. *Tit.* [*Advancing with book in hand.*] My friends, I congratulate you upon the great and important service rendered our cause by the authoress of this book. It is, indeed, cheering. Oh, glorious contemplation.

*Enter* MINNIE, and announces Harry.

*Enter* HARRY.

*Harry.* [*Aside to* Minnie.] Minnie, my good girl, you will do me a service. A poor woman and a child will be here in a few moments; show them to a comfortable room, until I see your mistress. I will reward thee well.

Minnie. Yes, sir, I'll do it. [*Exit* Minnie.

Mr. *Wil.* Ah, Harry.

Mrs. *Wil.* Harry.

*Harry.* My dear aunt and uncle. [*Aside.*] Just as I expected, there's that infernal Titterwell. [*Loud.*] Mr. Titterwell and madam, good morning to you all. Dear aunt how—But you are weeping—and madam—my uncle, all in tears! What does this mean?

Mrs. *Tit.* [*Still sobbing.*] Oh, sir, have you not read Uncle Tom's Cabin?

*Harry.* What! the American novel?

Mrs. *Tit.*
Mrs. *Wil.* } The same; the same.

*Harry.* [*Aside.*] Can it be possible they are weeping over this book? [*Loud.*] Read it! I have, and threw it aside, cursing myself for the time I had spent at it.

Mrs. *Tit.*
Mrs. *Wil.* } Oh! Oh! Oh!
Mr. *Tit.*

*Harry.* Truly, this is a laughable scene. [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. *Tit.* Oh! horrible, horrible.

Mrs. *Wil.* Oh! Harry, you have none of the feelings of your poor dear mother, or you would weep over the sufferings of poor uncle Tom.

*Harry.* [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. *Tit.* You have no heart, Mr. Berkley, you are a stoic, sir.

*Harry.* Stoic. Ha! ha! that's just what I should take you all to be, stoics! [*Stowe-ics,*] ha! ha! ha!

Mr. *Wil.* [*Austerely.*] Harry, this is no jesting matter, sir.

*Harry.* [*Seriously*] No jesting matter! Then, sir, I am pleased to hear it, for truly, if this woman has taught the English people to weep over the imaginary wrongs of an old black man, then there is indeed some hope for the suffering thousands at our own doors.

Mr. *Tit.* Mr. Berkley you have not an English heart, sir, or you could weep over the cruelties this book exposes.

*Harry.* Weep! Sir I have no weeping imagination, and were I disposed to weep, God knows I could find enough of reality to weep over. No, sir! the tears of manhood never coursed my cheeks but once; then I read the "Song of the Shirt,"—that was purely English, and I knew it to be true. I should weep over this book, think you? Sir, it will be when I forget the countless numbers of paupers we have on our own island, and the thousands who struggle in darkness and misery to shun the name. They weep, but not as you weep. Were the tears they shed in a few short years collected together—tears of misery and distress—enough might be had to float the Queen's barge.

Mr. *Wil.*
Mrs. *Tit.* } Horrible, oh! oh!
Mr. *Tit.*

Mrs. *Wil.* Oh, Harry, Harry, you should'nt talk so.

*Harry.* Then teach me to forget what I have seen, and what I know.

Mrs. *Tit.* That's the way, forever talking about those drunken, ungrateful people.

*Harry.* Very charitable indeed.

Mr. *Tit.* Mr. Berkley we have done much for the paupers of England, but we get no thanks for it; they are a drunken set, without gratitude.

*Harry.* Gratitude! And do you expect a reward in the shape of gratitude for what you have done? What if those wretched creatures prayed for you, which is more probable than that they should cringingly acknowledge your benevolence, and which seems to be your conception of gratitude. But no, you do not work by the rule of duty, but that of motive.—"And you have done much for them."—Sir, have we not a pleasing illustration of your benevolence, in your manifested sympathy for the African, while you have at your own doors those who have greater claims on your sympathy? 'Tis thus, sir, you are holding up your country to the gaze of nations as a teacher of benevolence and humanity, while her precepts seem to struggle for utterance from the very depths of misery and degradation; such misery and degradation as our own metropolis alone can boast of. Think, sir, of the disgusting spectacle she will present in the eyes of those nations, knowing as they do that "example is better than precept.

Mr. *Tit.* That is all very well, my young friend, but your philanthropy is too limited, sir, too limited; we have greater aims, and now that the poor down trodden African is crying to us for help, shall it be refused? No sir, he must be liberated. I have the plan that will do it. It is here. [*Shows a paper.*]

*Harry.* And how will you do it?

Mr. *Tit.* Flax, sir, flax. (*)

*Harry.* Flax?

Mr. *Tit.* Yes sir, flax. Substitute flax for cotton, and their slaves will become worthless to them.

*Harry.* [*Aside.*] He is mad, perfectly mad. [*Loud.*] Well, sir, go on with your grand schemes, and while you cannot make the world forget that Englishmen were the first to establish slavery on the American soil, you will show them that we are the last to aid the distressed on our own shores. Aye, and you will do more, you will sever the friendly ties that bind us to a powerful nation whose aid we may one day ask only to be refused.

Mr. *Tit.* Your language would do credit to a slave driver.

*Harry.* [*Sharply.*] Sir, I am no canting hypocrite.

Mr. *Tit.* Well, I have no more to say—may the Lord bring thee to love the cause of African freedom. But we must now go. Come friend Wilburton, the society meets this morning, come, we have not a moment to lose. No rest until this mighty work is done. Oh! glorious contemplation! [Mr. *Wilburton*, Mr. *and* Mrs. *Titterwell prepare to go*, Mrs. *Wilburton accompanies them to the door.*]

Mr. *Wilburton.* [*Passing near Harry.*] Harry, I am shocked at you sir, shocked.

Mrs. *Tit.* [*Passing near Harry.*] Mr. Berkley you are lost to humanity sir, lost.

* See Appendix, No. 2.

*Harry.* Ha? ha! There you go, would to God your enthusiam were enlisted in a better cause.

[*Exit* Mr. *Wlburton*, Mr. *and* Mrs. *Titterwell.*

*Enter* MINNIE.

*Minnie.* The woman has come sir, she is now in the next room.

*Harry.* Thanks Minnie, you are a good girl—here, take this, [*hands her a piece of money,*] that will do.

[*Minnie curtseys and exit.*

Mrs. *Wilburton returns.*

Mrs. *Wil.* Oh! Harry, I am grieved that you should talk as you have done.

*Harry.* My dear aunt, I would not do aught to give thee pain, but you would not wish me to play the part of deception, and assume a character totally at variance with my feelings.

Mrs. *Wil.* No, Harry, I would not, but it is your duty to feel, and even to weep over the wrongs of those poor creatures.

*Harry.* Feel and weep! And why should I? Is it because your amiable authoress takes Uncle Tom from his happy home in Kentucky, forces him through the most terrible trials, and finally, creates a demon in human form, whom she calls Legree—into whose hands she makes Uncle Tom fall, and by whom he is whipped to death. And must I acknowledge the brilliancy of her imagination by weeping over such a production? No, no.

Mrs. *Wil.* But, Harry, this is no imagination, it is all true.

*Harry.* True! It does not wear the semblance of truth though it comes from an American.

Mrs. *Wil.* She is an American, it is true, and if you will not believe in the truth of what she represents, you must at least give her credit for candor; for while she exposes the sins of her country, she holds up to them our own Canada to show them what their boast of liberty is worth.

*Harry.* Aye! But is it not questionable patriotism? And are not her motives clearly obvious? She caters to our English prejudices; flatters our pride; her book finds a ready and rapid sale in our communities; the money for which proves a soothing balm to her own conscience for the wound she has given her country. All this, my dear aunt, you will be better able to appreciate when you call to mind that it is but a few years since your own son—my dear cousin Henry, fell, while with his regiment, opposing the rebels, men who struck for liberty, in this same eulogized Canada. (*)

Mrs. *Wil.* Yes, poor Henry. But Harry you know that that was a rebellion, and the poor misguided people were better off under our government, though they did not know it.

* See Appendix, No. 3.

*Harry.* I believe it to be true, dear aunt, but while you assert this, you must grant to the Southern planter of America the same right to assert that his slaves are better off in their present condition, and that we shall not interfere with them.

Mrs. *Wil.* Poor Henry, [*sobbing.*] poor Henry.

*Harry.* My dear aunt I see that in speaking of Henry I have touched the chords of grief. But no more of this, I have a subject to mention in which I know you will feel as deeply as I do myself. This morning I met a destitute creature—a woman with a child in her possession—they were in a starving condition, and are now in this house, whither I sent them.

Mrs. *Wil.* Harry you surprise me.

*Harry.* Nay, dear aunt, it is all true. She has evidently seen better days, and I know you will pity her misery.

Mrs. *Wil.* Who is she Harry, and what brought her to this condition?

*Harry.* Her story is a bitter one, and its simplicity has satisfied me of its truthfulness. But you will know more from her. And now, dear aunt, it is my earnest desire that she shall want for nothing. My means shall contribute to her comfort, and I only ask, that you will second my efforts: but I know you will, for you are good and kind.

Mrs. *Wil.* Oh! Harry, I will, I will; shall we go to her?

*Harry.* No, no. I would not increase her misery by forcing her through an ordeal of scrutiny, from which her sensitive nature seems to shrink: I will call on the morrow, until then, farewell, dear aunt. [*Going*] But remember, be kind, be kind to her. [*Exit Harry.*

Mrs. *Wil.* [*Going.*] Oh, Harry, you have a good heart, let them say what they will. [*Exit* Mrs. *Wil.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in* Mr. *Wilburton's house.*

*Enter* MINNIE, *wiping her eyes.*

*Minnie.* I feel so *disinconsolable* whenever I thinks about them dreadful '*mericans* that master reads about. They used poor Uncle Tom so *dreadful;* it's a shame, so it is—but here comes Peter. Why Peter!

*Enter* PETER.

*Peter.* Minnie, my charmer! My—

*Minnie.* Oh, Peter, don't talk so, I don't feel like it—I'm in a *paradoxeyism* of grief, so I am.

*Peter.* [*Looking surprised.*] Why Minnie you've been crying! what's the matter—who hurt your feelings?

*Minnie.* [*Sobbing.*] Oh! poor Uncle Tom.

*Peter.* [*Aside.*] She crying about her uncle—it shows she got a good heart, so it does. [*Loud.*] Don't cry Minnie, don't cry.

*Minnie.* Oh, they used him so *dreadful;* they put great chains on him, dragged him to death.

*Peter.* Who done it Minnie, who done it? Tell me and I'll revenge your uncle.

*Minnie.* Oh, it was them dreadful *'mericans;* they cut him all to pieces with great long whips, all just because he was a black man.

*Peter.* What! your uncle a black man!

*Minnie.* La! Peter, I did'nt say he was my uncle.

*Peter.* O-h!—Then what are you crying about?

*Minnie.* Why Peter, mistress and master, and everybody cries when they *reads* about them wicked *'mericans* and the poor innocent *slavers;* poor things, they aint got any *edjercation*, and never had none, and never herd tell on the Bible. Poor things; there are a heap of them too: there is Uncle Tom and Topsy and George Harris—Yes. and George Harris has got royal blood in him, so he has, for the book says he "stood up like a rock, and put out his hand with the air of a prince." (*) And you know, Peter, if he had'nt royal blood in him he could'nt do that.

*Peter.* [*Uneasily.*] Yes, Minnie, but don't talk any more about them; let us talk of ——

*Minnie.* But Peter you'll be a *commissionary* and go there and save them, won't you Peter?

*Peter.* Oh, yes, I'll go and set them all free—but Minnie let us talk of—[*A bell rings.*]

*Minnie.* Oh, there's mistress, I must run to her. [*Going.*] Good-bye Peter.

*Peter.* Minnie!

*Minnie.* Good-bye Peter. [*Exit Minnie.*

*Peter.* Well, confound them infernal niggers; there she goes, and not one loving word. [*Going.*] Oh, cruel fate.

[*Exit Peter.*

* See Appendix, No. 4.

# ACT II.

SCENE V.—*The following day—A room in* Mr. *Wilburton's house.* Mrs. *Wilburton and* Mary *employed at a table.* Mary *is neatly dressed.*

Mary. Oh, if I but knew that he lived, though he were far, far away. [*Begins to weep, and leaves the room.*]

Mrs. *Wil.* [*Rising.*] Poor woman! she is so grateful, and speaks so kindly of Harry, and blesses him. She must have suffered much; and her brother, when she thinks of him, she weeps and is so unhappy. But here comes Harry.

*Enter* HARRY.

*Harry.* Dear aunt!

Mrs. *Wil.* Ah! Harry; you have come to hear of Mary.

*Harry.* I confess it, dear aunt; but speak; is she well—is she comfortable?

Mrs. *Wil.* She is well, Harry; and has every thing she desires; yet she is so unhappy.

*Harry.* I do not wonder. But has she told you her name, or given you any of her early history?

Mrs. *Wil.* She has. Her father died when she was young; and her mother, it is nearly five years since her death.

*Harry.* But her name?

Mrs. *Wil.* Is Mary Landen.

*Harry.* Mary Landen! Heavens, can it be! Has she a brother?

Mrs. *Wil.* She has, or had one; but does not know where he is, or even that he lives.

*Harry.* His name?

Mrs. *Wil.* Is Morris Landen.

*Harry.* The same! My friend! [*Aside.*] Merciful God! and have I been instrumental in saving from further misery and degradation the sister of my dear friend?

Mrs. *Wil.* Harry, speak; do you know him?

*Harry.* Know him? He was my truest and warmest friend. We were college mates together. 'Tis now more than five years since he left his native country. But yesterday I received a letter from him, the first since we parted; and this very day he will be in London.

Mrs. *Wil.* Oh, Harry! Can this be true?

*Harry.* It is, dear aunt, all true. [*Going.*] I go to meet him. You will break the joyful tidings to Mary. But gently, dear aunt, gently. The hour he arrives will find them mingling their happy greetings. And now farewell, farewell.

[*Exit Harry.*

Mrs. *Wil.* This is, indeed, wonderful. But an hour ago no ray of hope brightened the soul of her who wept for her brother; now, all is joy, joy! [*Going.*] Oh, Harry! you have taught me a lesson. You have taught me that I may find deserving objects of charity without seeking far for them. A lesson I shall not soon forget. [*Exit* Mrs. *Wil.*

SCENE VI.—*A Library.*

*Enter* HARRY.

*Harry.* 'Tis past the hour. The express from Liverpool has arrived, and still he does not come. But he will come; I feel that he will; and bring to poor Mary the happiness she once knew. [*A knock is heard.*] 'Tis he! He comes!

*Enter* PETER, *and announces* MORRIS.

*Enter* MORRIS.

Morris!

*Morris.* Harry! [*They embrace.*]

*Harry.* Welcome, Morris; welcome to your country, welcome to your friends.

*Morris.* Thanks, Harry; thanks for your kind welcome. But, pardon me Harry, and first tell me, do you know aught of my sister?

*Harry.* I do, Morris. Your sister is now at the house of my uncle.

*Morris.* Thank heaven! But is she well; is she happy?

*Harry.* She is well, Morris; and if she is not now happy, I can promise you that she soon will be.

*Morris.* Thanks, again, Harry. I know, I feel that you have been her friend. But little claim have I to such an appellation, since I could seemingly forget you, my dear Harry, during my long absence.

*Harry.* 'Tis true, Morris, you have not written to me, nor have I heard from you since we parted, until yesterday; yet my friendship for you has ever been the same.

*Morris.* I believe it, Harry, and for that reason must ever feel the sting of ingratitude. But when you know all, I feel that I will be forgiven, and your generous nature will share its sympathies with me. 'Tis little more than five years since I left my native country, with bright hopes and a light heart. You knew my destination—the isles of Sunda. I reached them in safety; and to my anxious eyes the path to fortune seemed broad and clear. But, alas! my dazzling prospects were soon robbed of their splendor. A few weeks after my arrival I lay prostrate with fever. 'Twas at this time I heard of my mother's death. It added fresh misery to my despairing soul, and for many weeks left but little hope of my recovery. Yet, slowly, I regained my health, though feeble in strength and broken in spirit. 'Twas then I came to the determination never to reveal to my friends a

knowledge of my situation, but to drag out the miserable existence that seemed inevitable to me, unwept and unknown. But my sister I made many efforts to hear from, yet in vain. I supposed her dead. And thus I wandered from place to place, at length finding myself on the soil of Australia at the first discovery of its glittering treasures. The rest is soon told—I labored in the mines; success smiled upon my efforts; my fortune was speedily made, when I hastened to my native country, to share it with my sister and my friends.

*Harry.* Dear Morris, you have indeed run a career of vicisitudes, and I warmly congratulate you upon its happy termination.

*Morris.* Again I thank you Harry. But tell me, are you not married?

*Harry.* Married, Morris! No, no.

*Morris.* Not married? This is strange, Harry. You who could find so much delight in woman's smiles, and seemed more than miserable when out of the sound of her voice.

*Harry.* True, Morris; and you may readily suppose it was no slight cause that wrought a change. But hear me, and you shall learn all. Between friends there are no secrets. You know that I had ever asserted that in requited love alone existed the perfection of earthly bliss; and I deemed myself but too happy in finding, as I had supposed, a full realization of this in the plighted love of Emily Weston. Oh, Morris! how I loved this woman. I loved her from the first moment we met. She came upon my eyes like a vision of the beautiful; a vision more of heaven than of earth. The measure of my happiness was full to overflowing. Our vows were interchanged. The happy day named. But alas! it was a promised joy that never came. One day during the great exhibition, while strolling through the Crystal Palace, scarce noting the ceaseless din around me, for my thoughts were on her I loved better than life; 'twas there I saw—Oh, God! would it had been a delusion—but I saw my Emily, my own betrothed, approaching me through the moving mass! a huge negro for an escort, she leaned languidly upon his arm; his black visage wore a smile of exultation as he coarsely essayed to play the cavalier, and his horrid grins were met by the same smile that had so oft thrilled my soul with delight. Unobserved I crept to a pillar for support, and gazing about me, I saw the sneer of contempt, the smile of scorn, and the deep, calm look of disgust pictured on the countenances of those around; yet on she passed, regardless of it all, for the curse of fanaticism had done its work (*)——and I, sickened with horror and disgust, hastened from the place. I never saw her more, Morris; I never saw her more! For the woman who could be so lost to truth and decency, as to violate the sacred

* See Appendix, No. 5.

pledge of love, and degrade the dignity of her sex by pursuing a course so unnatural, deserves not the love of an honest heart.

*Morris.* Truly, Harry, I can well imagine what a blow this was to affections as warm and as pure as thine. But think no more of it. You will yet find happiness in woman's love.

*Harry.* Never, Morris, never!

*Morris.* Well, time alone will prove it. But no more of this. I see it is a painful subject. Come, we will now go to Mary, my dear, dear sister.

*Harry.* [*Going.*] Yes, we will go this instant. [*Aside*] Oh, Mary! I come to bring thee thy lost happiness, and with it a lost brother. [*Exit Harry and Morris.*

SCENE VII.—*A room in* Mr. *Wilburton's house.* *Enter* Mr. *and* Mrs. *Wilburton.*

Mr. *Wil.* My dear, I am astounded; this is, indeed, a strange affair. Mary's father, William Landen, I knew well: a man respected and beloved, for his honesty and correctness. Yet still more am I astounded by Mary's disclosures in reference to her treatment by the Titterwells. But now that this knowledge has sharpened my perception, their characters are plain enough. And to render their hypocrisy conclusive to my mind, I have only to add to Mary's statements an incident that occurred yesterday:—While on our way to the meeting we were accosted by a miserable looking creature who begged a pittance: Titterwell deeming himself unobserved, with a smile of savage delight dashed aside the extended hand. I saw it all, and felt that from that time we could be friends no longer.

Mrs. *Wil.* Yes, yes, Harry seems to have held this man in proper estimation; and the woman, oh, I already have a horror of her. But here comes Mary.

(*Enter* MARY.)

Mr. *Wil.* Ah, Mary!

Mrs. *Wil.* Dear Mary, we have just been speaking of the Titterwells.

*Mary.* Titterwells! Oh, my dear friends, speak no more of them, their very names fill me with dread.

Mr. *Wil.* Fear not, Mary, you will have no further cause to dread them.

[*Enter* MINNIE *and announces* HARRY.]

*Enter* HARRY *and* MORRIS.

*Harry.* Dear aunt and uncle—my friend Morris Landen.

*Mary.* My brother!

*Morris.* My sister! (*Clasping her in his arms. A pause.*) Dear Mary, my own lost one, have I found thee? Look up, and let me gaze into those liquid orbs so like my mother's. Yes, yes, the same dear, dear sister.

*Mary.* Oh, Morris! I have waited long for thee; watched for thee; wept for thee; prayed for thee; and now you will not leave me more?

*Morris.* Leave thee! never, never again dear Mary. But calm thyself; am I not near thee?

*Mary.* Look, Morris. (*Points to Harry.*) 'Tis he and those good people to whom I am indebted for this happiness.

*Morris.* Ah, Harry! I knew, I felt that you had been her friend. How shall I ever repay you?

*Harry.* Morris, I have done naught to give me a claim upon your gratitude.

*Morris.* Noble heart! but your uncle and aunt—their kindness——

Mr. *Wil.* No thanks, sir, no thanks. That smile of happiness on Mary's cheek is more than compensation for all we have done.

Mrs. *Wil.* Sir, it is to Harry you owe——

*Harry.* Nay, dear aunt——

*Enter* MINNIE, *and announces the* TITTERWELLS.

[*Exit Minnie.*

*Mary.*
*Harry.*
Mr. *Wil.*
Mrs. *Wil.*
} The Titterwells!

*Enter* Mr. and Mrs. TITTERWELL.

Mr. *Tit.* (*Aside.*) We are sure of a hundred pounds from him.

Mrs. *Tit.* My dear Mrs. Wilburton! (*She is received coldly.*)

Mr. *Tit.* Ah, friend Wilburton! meditating some scheme of benevolence as usual? Generous man! The absence of your most desirable presence from the meeting last evening was keenly felt by the society.

Mr. *Wil.* (*Coldly.*) Ah, indeed!

Mr. *Tit.* Most assuredly, friend Wilburton. And the numerous brotherly inquiries made for you gives undoubted evidence of your growing popularity and influence with the society.

Mr. *Wil.* (*Aside.*) Disgusting flattery. But he has some aim.

Mr. *Tit.* And I have come, friend Wilburton, on purpose to inform you of what we have done. Among other business transacted, we determined to raise the sum of five thousand pounds to aid the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who is at this time in a most melancholy state of distress and want, brought to it by the persecutions of her countrymen. (*) We have also determined to raise an additional sum for the translation of "Uncle

* See Appendix, No. 6.

Tom's Cabin" into the various languages of Europe, this being the most effectual way of accomplishing our purpose; that purpose, I need not conceal from you, is to destroy the nationality of that country. This book will contribute largely to that end. It will secure European hatred. Being American gives it a plausibility of truth. You understand me. And now, friend Wilburton, I hold in my hand (*shows a paper*) a list for subscriptions to those funds. You will, I feel confident, subscribe liberally.

Mr. *Wil.* Then, I understand, sir, that your avowed object is to destroy the nationality of a nation to whose generosity we owe the lives of thousands of human beings who were starving in another portion of our kingdom. And this, sir, you would do under the garb of benevolence? And I am asked to aid in it! No, sir; not one penny. And now, Mr. Titterwell, it becomes my duty to inform you that I am no longer a member of the society to which you belong, and, furthermore, that from this instant our friendship ceases. Look you, sir, [*points to Mary.*] do you know that woman?

Mr. *Tit.* Mary Landen!

*Mary.* [*Advancing.*] Aye, Mary Landen. Do you know me?

Mrs. *Tit.* (*Aside.*) Mary Landen! She here! This very morning I heard her brother had arrived in London, a wealthy man. I must play my part. (*Loud, drawing near to Mary.*) Dear Mary!

*Mary.* Away! away from me!

Mrs. *Tit.* (*Aside.*) Spurned! (*Loud.*) But, Mary, you will not forget me?

*Mary.* Forget thee! Never, while this poor heart wears the blight of desolation you brought upon it. But, go; and your guilty conscience will be its own accuser until you find atonement for your cruelties, in alleviating the sufferings of those you have injured. Go, go.

Mrs. *Tit.* I do not understand you, dear Mary. You know I have always felt as a mother towards you.

*Mary.* No, more; no, more. Go. (*Turns from her.*)

*Morris.* (*Aside to Harry*) Harry, who is this man?

*Harry.* His name is Titterwell. A vile hypocrite, with a heart as black as the cause he advocates.

Mr. *Tit* (*Aside*) I see it all. This woman has ruined us. (*Loud.*) Mr. Wilburton, an explanation of this affair I deem unnecessary; you are sold to the slave interest ———

Mr. *Wil.* Sir; another insinuation of that kind and you answer it in another way. But, sir, leave my house; leave my house.

Mrs. *Tit.* (*Aside.*) Oh! I shall choke with rage!

Mr. *Tit.* Well, sir, I go; but may the Lord bring thee to again love the cause of African freedom.

Harry. (*Sneeringly*) What! Titterwell leaving us so soon? Oh, glorious contemplation!

Mr. *Tit.* (*Going.*) Curse, ye! curse, ye!

[*Exit Mr. and Mrs. Titterwell.*

Mary. Gone, Oh happy riddance!

Mr. Wil. Yes, they are gone, and I breathe freer; the very atmosphere seems relieved of a pestilence. And now, Harry, that you have taught us that our first duty is to relieve those around us, and how much true happiness may be found in the simple performance of that duty, I only crave that you and our kind friends will permit the future to answer our appreciation of that lesson.

THE END.

# APPENDIX.

*Note* 1*st*, *page* 6.

In an article taken from a late English paper, and recently published in those of this country, it appears that a young woman in a delicate situation was found in the streets of London without shelter and without food. Upon enquiry it was ascertained that she had been discharged but a few days before from one of the work-houses, and finding none to pity her misery, applied several times to be again admitted, but was denied by the inhuman managers because she had been once discharged.

*Note* 2*d*, *page* 9.

It is firmly believed by many individuals in England, that with proper cultivation, flax will yet supersede the use of cotton. The writer of this, while in London not long since, met with one of those visionary philanthropists who asserted with the air of a prophet that "the day was not far distant when the world would behold its accomplishment;" at the same time inviting him to visit the rooms of the society to see the great progress making towards that end.

*Note* 3*d*, *page* 10.

The rebellion in Canada in 1839.

*Note* 4*th*, *page* 12.

Mrs. Stowe uses this identical language in her *splendid* description of a *runaway negro.*

*Note* 5*th*, *page* 15.

Americans who visited London during the holding of the World's Fair, too well remember those disgusting exhibitions.

*Note* 6*th*, *page* 17.

Late English papers state that persons have been traveling through England making collections to aid the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who is represented to be in a state of extreme destitution, struggling against the persecutions of her countrymen.

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